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OF

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MARBLE BUST OF THOMAS CLARKSON, M.A.

BY BEHNES,

IN THE COMMON COUNCIL CHAMBER, GUILDHALL, LONDON.

MARBLE BUST OF THOMAS CLARKSON, A. M.

"The art of sculpture, if considered only as the means of perpetuating the memory of departed worth, is infinitely valuable as promotive of emulation in souls capable of aspiring to that kind of distinction which is only achieved by superior magnanimity; for, public honours decreed to men of merit are shared by all those who have entered on similar careers; and they participate in the respect offered to individuals of their class, although they themselves may never attain to the same eminence. It is therefore useful that such memorials be before the public: minds of little sympathy may become so familiarised with them, that the moral of their tale may be upon them thrown away, but in the breasts of thousands there must arise some feeling more or less akin to that of Cæsar when he saw the statue of Alexander in the temple of Hercules. He lamented that it had been his lot never, then as yet, ever to have effected anything worthy of the son of Philip."

It has also been well observed,* that "a public statue, the tributary due to one by many, is, perhaps, morally, the highest token of respect which can be offered to remembered excellence; and from him who receives such mark of their esteem, his countrymen seem to will not to be divided, but he is called forth out of the history of his time to accompany them and their successors down the succeeding ages, through which it may be the fate of their common country to endure."

The mind of Mr. R. Taylor was doubtless imbued with such like feelings, when he moved, on the 29th November, 1838, in the Court of Common Council, subsequent to the motion of Mr. Sheriff Thomas Wood, for the presentation of the Freedom of the City to Mr. Clarkson, that a Bust should also be voted in honour of that inflexible champion of the Abolition of African Slavery, and that it be preserved among the numerous intellectual treasures of the Council Chamber of London. The honourable gentleman's wishes meeting with the unanimous approbation of the whole court, the worthy sheriff agreed to alter his motion so as to include the Bust.

Whereupon several artists having transmitted specimens of their works, it was assigned to Mr. Behnes to attend on Mr. Clarkson, and produce the Bust for one hundred guineas, with fifty guineas for the pedestal.

It is also worthy to remark the substance of the motion of Mr. Sheriff Wood above referred to, couched in the following words:

"That the freedom of this city, in a gold box, value 100 guineas, be presented to Thomas Clarkson, A.M., as a small, but grateful testimonial of the Corporation of London to the public services and worth of one who had the merit of originating, and has the consolation of living to witness, the triumph of the great struggle for the deliverance of the enslaved African from the most oppressive bondage that ever tried the endurance of afflicted humanity, thereby obtaining for his country the high distinction of separating her commercial greatness from principles incompatible with the exercise of religion or mercy, and achieving a moral victory, whose trophies shall endure while justice, freedom, the clemency of power, and the peaceful glories of civilization shall have a place in the admiration of mankind."

The proposition being agreed to unanimously; on Monday, April 14, 1839, out of respect to Mr. Clarkson's venerable age, the ceremony of presentation was performed in the private drawing-room of the Mansion House, where his Lordship, the Lady Mayoress, and several ladies, attended by Mr. Sheriff Wood, and Sir Peter Laurie, the seconder of the motion; Sir James Shaw, the Chamberlain; and Mr. Scott, received Mr. Clarkson, who was accompanied by his lady.

At a court of Common Council, Sept. 26, 1839, the Lord Mayor announced that the bust was finished by the talented artist; it was thereupon exhibited to the court, and excited the greatest admiration for its workmanship and fidelity of delineation. Mr. Sheriff Wood, with that enlightened liberality which so pre-eminently distinguishes all his actions, remarked that Mr. Behnes must have been a considerable loser by the undertaking, in consequence of the number of journeys he was obliged to take, and the extraordinary pains bestowed upon the bust, to render it worthy of the individual it represented, and the corporation of London: he therefore moved an additional sum of fifty guineas, making the amount for the whole 200 guineas, should be voted to the sculptor, who had so ably executed his task. After the remarks by Mr. R. Taylor, that he had known Mr. Clarkson for forty years, and vouching the bust to be an admirable likeness of what that venerable man was a few years ago, and also declaring, as a work of art, it was of the highest order, the sum of two hundred guineas was then unanimously voted to Mr. Behnes for his spirited and faithful bust of the first great advocate of the slave traffic abolition.

We cannot close this interesting subject without offering our sincere thanks to the late Lord Mayor, Samuel Wilson, Esq., for his great urbanity in so readily granting our artist permission to make a drawing from the Bust.

It is now appropriately placed near that of Granville Sharpe, on the slab of which is the following inscription:—

GRANVILLE SHARPE:
To whom
England owes the glorious verdict of her
highest Court of Law,
that
The Slave who sets his foot on
British Ground
becomes at that instant
FREE.

* Vide an admirable paper on "Honorary Statues," that valuable periodical, the *Polytechnic Journal*.

THE DEATH AND THE BIRTH.

WHEREFORE that peal! what means that chime!
"We bury the Past," say they,
Another old year we give to Time,
And rejoice in his decay."

"He died when flowers and leaves were gone,
And nature was dull and drear;
The stars at his birth far brighter shone
Than they do upon his bier."

Again that peal! again that chime!
"It gives a new year to earth,
A glorious gift from Father Time,
And we hallow his happy birth."

"Then, hail we, the Newly-Born, with love,
And Time, that giveth another;
He breathes, and he lives! and we hope he will prove
Much kinder than was his brother."

Ouiz.

FATIMA AND ALFONSO CASTAN;

OR, MOORISH CUSTOMS.

Written expressly for the Mirror,

BY JULIUS L. SCHRODER.

(Concluded from page 5.)

THE old man's excitement was so great that he observed not the changing colour and the strong emotions of his companion.—"She lost her mother at an early age, and I have watched her growing virtues in this seclusion. Her beauty and her acquirements are not inferior to her excellence of temper and mind. —Alfonso, to whom can I commit such a treasure! My wealth goes to the man who is worthy of her—would to heaven thy fathers' faith had been ours!"

The old man ceased, but he still retained his grasp of Alfonso's hand, and again looked him steadily in the face. A thousand conflicting thoughts displaced each other with tumultuous rapidity in Alfonso's agitated breast. Honour, and duty to a master who had treated him with increasing kindness and confidence from the first moment that he had fallen into his hands, almost urged him to a confession of what had passed,—the danger to the beauteous confiding girl, who had, as it were, placed her life in his keeping—(he thought not one moment of his own danger)—presented itself as an insuperable barrier to a disclosure. Fatima's life depended probably upon his prudence—could a youth of high and noble feelings so sacrifice a girl who had trusted to him! The conflict was great.—Honour called for full confidence to such a master,—Honour demanded faith to such a daughter.

"My lord," said Alfonso, scarcely knowing what he said,—"the information you now communicate affects me to the very soul:—allow me a few days to consider what my duty to you should lead me to do—your Fatima is deserving of happiness, and—"

"Thou deserving of my Fatima—wert thou but of our faith—my prayers would all be granted, and my days would close in peace! —I should have a son—thou, a bride!" interrupted Yeusaf, as he rose and led Alfonso to the house.

Their walk was silent;—the feelings of each were raised to that point when silence becomes eloquence. Arrived at the apartments of Yeusuf, he embraced his young friend—

"Think of what thou canst do for a father, no longer thy master—all he has may be thine."

The old man again grasped Alfonso's hand —Alfonso was deeply affected, and retired in great agitation to his own apartment.

When alone, he could not in any way determine the course he should pursue. The time wore away, the appointed moment for his promised interview with Fatima approached—he almost decided to defer it—but at last a strong natural impulse to hold converse with the young maiden who had been the subject of such intense excitement, urged him to the scene. Warily did Alfonso leave his chamber, about two hours after sunset, and make his quiet stealthy way to the appointed place of rendezvous. His heart seemed ready to burst its ties as he approached the jessamine alcove, and saw, by the full light of the rising moon, two female figures in it awaiting him. As he advanced, he immediately recognised the daughter of Yeusef by her superb dress, which sparkled with precious stones, beneath her long veil, which reached nearly to her feet. Alfonso kneeled to her as she extended her hand—

"Alfonso," she said, motioning him to rise, "I have committed a maiden's heart, and my first vows to your honour—my father says it is great and worthy of his name and our true faith, to which, if you can love Fatima, you will conform. Recline here whilst we converse—but think not slight of my young vows —my father willed me to make them—he loves you as his son,—and I"—

"Beauteous Fatima," interrupted the astonished Alfonso, for her exquisite form and graceful motion had rivetted him to the spot he stood upon, whilst she rested upon the ottoman, "tell me—does your father then know of this assignation?"

"Not so, he intended me to receive you two days hence, but I have reasons for obtaining this interview beforehand: but what has passed between my father and you—tell me truly!"

Fatima motioned to her attendant to retire —she went a few paces from the alcove.—Alfonso then related the deeply-interesting conversation that had taken place in that very alcove between himself and her father. Fatima listened with breathless attention; she was affected with the expression of fond regard which her aged parent had exhibited to her lover. Alfonso was enraptured with the artless manner of Fatima, and forgot, in his ecstacy, the terms upon which she could alone be his, and the duty he owed to his

master and protector. He endeavoured to persuade Fatima to let him arrange the means for her marriage with him without his changing his religion. The beauteous Moor, although so young, was firmly attached to the faith of her ancestors.

"My father has taught me to love you, Alfonso,—you are as my brother restored to us—but Ismael was of the true faith, why should not Alfonso complete the cherished belief that Ismael has returned to make our life like the fresh springs of Paradise!—Embrace our faith, and my love will be such as I used to have for Ismael."

Fatima, in the remembrance of her young affections entwined round a brother, eagerly seized Alfonso's hand, and pressed it between hers.

"Lovely Fatima! let me attain the happiness of your love without the one condition that I may not comply with."

"Then you love not Fatima," ejaculated the maiden, as she relinquished the hand of Alfonso—"Go!—Two days hence resolve, my father's life and mine await your resolve."

Fatima rose, called her attendant Zaffai, and was retiring from the alcove when Alfonso endeavoured to detain her.—He knelt—Fatima stood before him like a being of a superior order—but she wept—his resolution failed—the bright moon shone upon features of surpassing loveliness. A moment's reflection interposed—Alfonso started up, rapidly quitted the dangerous scene, and retired to his apartment.

On the morrow, Alfonso, agitated, and almost bewildered with the conflict he had between the new passion which absorbed him and the obligation of changing his religion as the only condition upon which he could obtain the rich prize offered, met Yessuf: the old man embraced him cordially.

"My son, I will not delay my anxious wish to accomplish thy happiness—thou shalt see my daughter to-morrow, and the rest is with thee to make us happy."

Alfonso dared not tell Yessuf of the interview which had already taken place—"My lord will command his slave in all, but"—

"Nay," interrupted Yessuf, "I will introduce thee to her, she knows her father's will, and is happy in doing his pleasure—retire now to thy affairs."

In the afternoon, Zaffai introduced herself to Alfonso's apartment as he was resting, according to the custom during the heats—"My mistress must see you one hour before sunset—she is going to the baths, and I will conduct you where she will wait for you upon her return."

Alfonso's blood thrilled at the message—"Tell the beauteous Fatima, I will attend her pleasure," whispered he to Zaffai.

The slave disappeared as gently as she had entered, softly answering, "Be at the alcove, I will thence conduct thee to my mistress."

Alfonso felt and estimated the danger he was again about to encounter in meeting the lovely daughter of Yessuf—her charms had too deeply wrought their effect. At the appointed hour he went to the alcove, expecting to meet Zaffai:—the slave was not there to conduct him, as she had promised—but instead of Zaffai, Fatima herself made her appearance. She was splendidly arrayed—her long veil but improved the half-concealed features of her countenance—she silently led Alfonso to the ottoman, and seated herself by him.

"Thou lovest me not," said she, putting her hand on his, or"—

At this moment, a sudden motion amongst the shrubs startled the lovers. The Caidi and his officers, who had gained admission by the garden-gate near the alcove, rushed upon them, before they could rise from the seat upon which they reclined.

"Seize the Christian dog, and the daughter of Yessuf, who disgraces her parent—take them to the town prison; I will judge them to-morrow, when her father shall attend," cried Alcaidi Abdrask, as he entered the alcove.

Fatima was hurried away and placed in a closed carriage; Alfonso was escorted on foot to the prison.

The news of this disaster was soon conveyed to the astonished father. The old man was almost distracted with the dreadful account; he knew that, by the strict law of Tunis, inevitable death awaited both his daughter and her inconsiderate lover;—how they came together, or by what means the city judge gained knowledge of their interview, Yessuf could not divine. Their destruction appeared certain. He hastened to the Caidi with frantic despair. The officer received him kindly, but neither his rank nor circumstances could induce the minister of the law to hold out the least expectation that its penalties could be relaxed in so plain a case as the actual taking of a christian under such circumstances. The only permission that the Caidi would give was, that Fatima should be under the care of the keeper's wife, and be attended by her slave Zaffai, until the trial of the culprits.

Yessuf retired broken-hearted; all his bright schemes for Fatima's settlement were destroyed; shame to his name, and to her an ignominious public execution, was his fear; nor did his beloved Alfonso's certain fate less afflict the old man, who retired to his couch, awaiting the events of the following day in hopeless despair.

At nine in the morning, Alcaidi Abdrask took his seat in the hall of criminals. The beauteous Fatima was placed before him on one side, on the other, manacled with heavy iron chains, stood Alfonso, guarded; between them was Yessuf, in an attitude of supplication to the judge.

"Spare my daughter! Spare Alfonso!" ejaculated the old man, turning from one to the other, in a state of distraction.

"Our law must take its just course; I am its minister, and dare not alter its censure: call the witnesses," replied Abdrask, firmly.

Zaffai, the slave, the trusted friend of Fatima, was brought forward. A shriek of surprise burst from the merchant. Alfonso darted upon her a look that bespoke his horror of her perfidy. Fatima alone appeared to meet her fate with gentle resignation. The slave gave testimony of the interviews between the lovers,—she had announced the last fatal one to the Caidi, who had taken them in the act of embracing each other. The case was too clear to admit of doubt or palliation. In vain the distressed father pleaded for a mitigation of punishment.

"I have only to pronounce the sentence of the law," replied the judge, "it is this—Alfonso is to be impaled alive in the market-place,—Fatima is to be tied in a sack and thrown into the sea. Officers, do your duty."

They advanced to take Fatima, who stood trembling. Alfonso attempted to rush forward—it was the action of despair.

"Is there no means to save my daughter this dreadful death!" exclaimed the agonized Yessuf, throwing himself on the ground, and clasping his hands, imploring the mercy of the Caidi.

"There is one only means—Alfonso may save himself and Fatima, if he forthwith embrace the true faith—and he must be married according to our law."

"Oh, save Fatima! save yourself! save me!" cried the old man, falling and embracing Alfonso's knees, "let us owe our lives and happiness to thee! I have been a father to thee since the day that my roof first shadowed thee!—my last breath shall bless thee!"

"Canst thou see me perish by a miserable death so soon after thy vows have been given to me!" The gentle Fatima, in making this simple appeal, turned to Alfonso, and half unveiled her beauteous countenance; it expressed calm hope, and reposing confidence.

The trial was great. Nature, at that moment, overcame every other feeling,—early impressions and tuition were as nought in that exciting scene. "I can, for myself, meet my doom, but I have no right to sacrifice the lives of others dearer to me than life.—"Allah is one, and Mahomet is his prophet," cried Alfonso, addressing the Caidi.

"Wilt thou, then, engage to marry Fatima, according to our law?" asked the judge.

Yessuf looked anxiously in the face of Alfonso—so did Fatima.

"I will perform all that the law requires," answered he.

"Officers, call the Mufti, unloose the prisoners," said the Caidi.

No sooner was the command executed, than Zaffai hung upon her mistress's neck in a transport of joy. All were astonished in witnessing the expression of Fatima's thanks to her slave. Zaffai had proved true to her young mistress—Fatima reckoned well upon the result of her plan to appeal to nature and the affections, which are stronger than all other ties. Alfonso yielded to an overwhelming impulse that might excuse his act had he been of any other creed than one.

Yessuf and Alfonso, and Fatima and the faithful Zaffai, return home amidst the congratulations and rejoicings of the whole city of Tunis.

ORIGIN OF FRANKING LETTERS.

The franking letters by members of parliament ceased yesterday. We find the origin of that privilege thus detailed in the 23d. vol. of the Parliamentary History. It occurred in the debate on the Post-Office Bill, in the year 1660:—"Colonel Titus reported the bill for the settlement of the Post-Office, with the amendments. Sir Walter Earle delivered a proviso, for the letters of all members of parliament to go free, *during their sitting*. Sir Heneage Finch said,—"It was a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the house. Mr. Prynne spoke also against the proviso: Mr. Bunckley, Mr. Boscawen, Sir George Downing, and Sergeant Charlton, for it; the latter saying, the council's letters went free. The question being called for, the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, was unwilling to put it, saying, *he was ashamed of it*; nevertheless, the proviso was carried, and made part of the bill, which was ordered to be engrossed. The Lords subsequently disagreed to this proviso, and it was ultimately thrown out. At a subsequent period, both Houses did not feel it to be below their honour to secure for themselves this exemption."

Great value is attached to some franks; One by Lord Byron has been known to fetch seven guineas at an auction. Those by Single-speech Hamilton are very rare, as also Horne Tooke's. Canning franked to a friend in Ireland three volumes of Clarendon's History, one frank to each volume. Dresses, boots, shoes, &c., have been frequently sent under a frank; and a whole suite of window-curtains have been so passed. It is said, a buck was franked to Dover by Mr. Poulett Thomson. The Duke of Wellington's frank sold last week for a guinea. The finest collection extant forms part of the splendid and truly unique collection of autographs in the possession of Mr. Upcott, of Islington; and which ought to enrich the British Museum; but, in all probability, the opportunity of possessing it will be neglected, until some foreign potentate bears away the treasured prize.

Dr. Halloran, for some time chaplain to the forces of the Cape of Good Hope, and who was tutor to the late Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, was transported [1818] for seven years, for forging a frank to which he affixed the name of Sir W. Garrow. He died 1831.

Deceased

FELLOWS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

MDCCCXXXIX.

ALISON, THE REV. ARCHIBALD,

Was born in 1757; became a member of the University of Glasgow, in 1772, and of Baliol College, Oxford, in 1775; and took the degree of B. C L. in 1784; he soon afterwards took holy orders in the English church. In 1784, he married the daughter of the celebrated Dr. John Gregory, of Edinburgh. His essay "On the Nature and Principles of Taste," was first published in 1790. Towards the close of the last century, he became a permanent resident in his native city, as minister of the Episcopal chapel, Cowgate, and afterwards of St. Paul's, of which chapel he was senior minister at the time of his death. He was connected by congenial tastes and pursuits with Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and other great lights of literature and science. In 1814, he published two volumes of sermons, and, at a later period, a memoir of the accomplished Francis Tytler Lord Woodhouslee. All his writings are characterised by that pure and correct taste, the principles of which he had illustrated with so much elegance and beauty. He Died on the 31st August; aged 82.

DAVY, THE REV. MARTIN,

Was originally a member of the medical profession, which he followed, during a great part of his life. He became a medical student of Caius College in 1787, and was elected to a fellowship in 1795, and to the mastership in 1803. One of the first acts of his administration, was to open his college to a more large and liberal competition, by the abolition of some mischievous and unstatutesable restrictions, which had been sanctioned by long custom, and also by making academical merit and honours the sole avenue to college preferment; and he lived to witness the complete success of this wise and liberal measure, in the rapid increase of the number of high academical honours which were gained by members of his college, and by the subsequent advancement of many of them to the highest professional rank and eminence. Some years after his accession to the mastership he took holy orders, and commuted the degree of doctor in medicine for that of theology; and in later life he was collated to some considerable ecclesiastical preferments. Dr. Davy had no great acquaintance with the details of accurate science, but he was remarkable for the extent and variety of his attainments in classical and general literature. His conversation was eminently lively and original. He died on Saturday evening, May 18th, in the 77th year of his age; and was buried in the ante-chapel of Caius College, Cambridge, after a long illness, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

GILBERT DAVIES, ESQ., D.C.L.

This able and accomplished gentleman was for some time President of the Royal Society, which office he resigned in 1830. He was also for many years member of parliament for Bodmin; wrote several works connected with the History and Antiquities of Cornwall; and several treatises on scientific subjects; was one of the first mathematicians of the age, of a very amiable disposition; of the most simple habits and manners; and died (December 24,) at Eastbourne, aged seventy-three.

LUSHINGTON, EDMUND LAW,

Was born in 1766, at the lodge of St Peter's College, Cambridge, of which his grandfather, Bishop Law, was master. He became a student, and afterwards a fellow of Queen's College, in that university. After practising for some time at the bar, he was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon. On his return from the east, he was made Auditor of the Exchequer, and received from his uncle, Lord Ellenborough, the appointment of Master of the Crown Office. His acquaintance with classical and general literature was unusually extensive and varied.

MARSH, DR. HERBERT,

Bishop of Peterborough, and one of the most acute and learned theologians of his age; became a member of St. John's College, in the university of Cambridge, in 1775, and took his B.A. degree in 1770. Soon after his election to a fellowship, he went to Germany, where he devoted himself to theological and general studies, and first became known to the public as the translator and learned commentator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament. During his residence abroad, he published, in the German language, various tracts, and more particularly, a very elaborate "History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the time of the conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War," for which he received a very considerable pension on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. In 1807, he was elected Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. In 1816, he was appointed Bishop of Llandaff, and three years afterwards was translated to the see of Peterborough. Dr. Marsh was a man of great learning; and his Lectures on Divinity are a most valuable contribution to the theological student; and his "Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome," presents a masterly view of the great principles which distinguish those churches. This learned prelate died on the 1st of May.

PRONY, GASPARD CLAIR FRANÇOIS MARIE RICHE DE,

Was born in the department of the Rhone, in 1755, and became a pupil, at an early age, of the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, where he pursued his mathematical and other studies with great application. M. de Prony translated General Roy's "Account of the Methods employed for the measurement of the Base on Hounslow Heath." He next appeared as the author of an essay "On the Construction of Indeterminate Equations of the Second Degree." In 1790 and 1797, appeared his great work, entitled *Nouvelle Architecture Hydraulique*. In 1792, he was appointed to superintend the execution of the Cadastre, or great territorial and numerical survey of France: in this gigantic undertaking, among other laborious duties devolved on M. de Prony, was that of the formation of the extensive tables, well-known as the *Tables du Cadastre*, which are preserved in MSS. at the library of the Observatory, in seventeen enormous folio volumes. M. de Prony became Directeur Général des Ponts et Chaussées in 1794, and was nominated the first Professor of Mechanics to the Ecole Polytechnique. He declined the invitation of Napoleon to become a member of the Institute of Egypt—a refusal which was never entirely forgotten or pardoned. In 1810, he was appointed with the celebrated Count Fossombroni, of Florence, the head of the *Commissione de l'Agro Romano*, for the more effectual drainage and improvement of the Pontine Marshes. The result of these labours he embodied in his *Description Hydrographique et Historique des Marais Pontins*, which appeared in 1822. In 1817, he was made a member of the *Bureau des Longitudes*, and in the following year was elected one of the fifty foreign members of the Royal Society; in 1823, he was created a baron by Charles X., and was made a peer of France in 1826. He died in great tranquility, at Asnières near Paris, in July, in the 84th year of his age.

PREVOST, PIERRE,

Was born in 1751, and was originally destined to follow the profession of his father, who was one of the pastors of Geneva, but at the age of twenty he gave way to his ardent passion for literature and philosophy. Whilst residing at Lyons, he commenced his translation of Euripides, and in the four years he was at Berlin, he completed the three first volumes. In 1790, Prevost published his *Mémoire sur l'equilibre du feu*: many other important works from his pen speedily followed, particularly *Sur le calori, ne rayonnant*, in which he fully developed his *Theory of Exchanges*. In 1797, and 1803, he contributed various papers to the Transactions of the Royal Society. In 1799, he obtained the first accessit for an essay *Sur l'influence des signes relativement à la formation des idées*, which was written for a prize adjudged to the celebrated

Dugerando, proposed by the Institute of France. In 1806, he became one of the foreign members of the Royal Society. His *Essais de philosophie et etud s de l'esprit humain*, appeared in 1804. He likewise published, in rapid succession, translations from Blair, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Salt, and various other authors. In 1813, at the age of 72, he retired into the bosom of his family, which contained within itself, in a very uncommon degree, every element of tranquility, contentment, and happiness. He died on the 8th of April, in the 88th year of his age.

RIGAUD, PROFESSOR,

Was admitted a member of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1791, at the age of sixteen, and continued to reside there as fellow and tutor, until 1810, when he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry. He afterwards succeeded to the care of the Radcliffe Observatory. In 1831, he published the miscellaneous works and correspondence of Bradley. In 1838, he published some curious notices of the first publication of the Principia of Newton: he also projected a life of Halley, with a view of rescuing the memory of that great man from much of the obloquy to which it had been exposed: he had made extensive collections for a new edition of the mathematical collections of Pappus; and he was the author of many valuable communications to the Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society. He died in London, in March.

SAUNDERS, GEORGE,

Was formerly architect to the British Museum, where he built the Townley Gallery; he was also a diligent and learned antiquary, and the author of a very interesting and valuable paper in the twenty-sixth volume of the Archæologia, containing the results of an inquiry concerning the condition and extent of the city of Westminster at various periods of our history.

WILKINS, MR. WILLIAM,

Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy became a member of Caius College, Cambridge, in 1796, and took the degree of B. A. in 1800. He was soon afterwards nominated one of Wort's travelling bachelors, and also a fellow of his college, and passed four years in Greece and Italy, studying the architectural remains and monuments of those countries with great diligence. The study of those matchless creations of ancient art would appear to have exercised a powerful influence on his taste, and to have led him to prefer the purer forms of Grecian architecture to the more varied imitations and adaptations of them which appeared in the works of the Romans, or in those of the great masters of modern Italy, and more particularly of Palladio; and the influence of these predilections was sufficiently visible in his designs for the East India College at Hailey bury, and for Downing College, Cambridge. In 1807, he published his "Antiquities of Magna Græcia," a magnificent work, containing descriptions, views, measurements, and restorations of the chief remains of Syracuse, Agrigentum, Ægesta, and Pæstum. At a subsequent period, he published "Atheniensia;" or Remarks on the Buildings of Athens. He was likewise the author of a translation of the "Civil Architecture of Vitruvius," including those books which relate to the public and private edifices of the ancients, which was preceded by a learned introduction on the history of the rise and progress of Grecian Architecture.—The publication of these works led to very extensive professional engagements, particularly in the University of Cambridge, where he rebuilt Corpus Christi and King's Colleges, and made extensive additions to Trinity College: he was likewise the author of the portico of London University College, the National Gallery, and of other important edifices in London. He was latterly compelled to retire from his professional engagements. In 1837, he published his "Profusiones Architectonicæ; or, Essays on subjects connected with Grecian and Roman Architecture." During the last year of his life, though constantly confined to his bed, and extremely weakened and emaciated by disease, he still continued his favourite pursuits until within a few days of his death, which took place on the last day of August.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

"Vesuvius is, after the glaciers, the most impressive exhibition of the energies of nature I ever saw. It has not the immeasureable greatness, the over-powering magnificence, nor, above all, the radiant beauty of the glaciers; but it has all their character of tremendous and irresistible strength. From Resina to the hermitage you wind up the mountain, and cross a vast stream of hardened lava, which is an actual image of the waves of the sea, changed into hard black stone by enchantment. The lines of the boiling flood seem to hang in the air, and it is difficult to believe that the billows which seem hurrying down upon you are not actually in motion. This plain was once a sea of liquid fire. From the hermitage we crossed another vast stream of lava, and then went on foot up the cone—this is the only part of the ascent in which there is any difficulty, and that difficulty has been much exaggerated. It is composed of rocks of lava, and declivities of ashes; by ascending the former, and descending the latter, there is very little fatigue. On the summit is a kind of irregular plain, the most horrible chaos that can be imagined; riven into ghastly chasms, and heaped up with tumuli of great stones and cinders, and enormous rocks blackened and calcined, which had been thrown from the volcano upon one another in terrible confusion. In the midst stands the conical hill from which volumes of smoke, and the fountains of liquid fire, are rolled forth for ever. The mountain is at present in a slight state of eruption; and a thick heavy white smoke is perpetually rolled out, interrupted by enormous columns of an impenetrable black bituminous vapour, which is hurled up, fold after fold, into the sky with a deep hollow sound, and fiery stones are rained down from its darkness, and a black shower of ashes fell even where we sat. The lava, like the glacier, creeps on perpetually, with a crackling sound, as of suppressed fire. There are several springs of lava; and in one place it gushes precipitously over a high crag, rolling down the half-molten rocks, and its own overhanging waves: a cataract of quivering fire. We approached the extremity of one of the the rivers of lava; it is about twenty feet in breadth, and ten in height; and as the inclined plane was not rapid, its motion was very slow. We saw the masses of its dark exterior surface detach themselves as it moved, and betray the depth of the liquid flame. In the day the fire is but slightly seen; you only observe a tremulous motion in the air, and streams and fountains of white sulphurous smoke.

"At length, we saw the sun sink between Capreæ and Inarime, and, as the darkness increased, the effect of the fire became more beautiful. We were, as it were, surrounded by streams and cataracts of the red and radiant fire; and in the midst, from the column of bituminous smoke shot up into the air, fell the

vast masses of rock, white with the light of their intense heat, leaving behind them through the dark vapour, trains of splendour. We descended by torch-light, and I should have enjoyed the scenery on my return, but they conducted me, I know not how, to the hermitage, in a state of intense bodily suffering, the worst effect of which was spoiling the pleasure of Mary and C——. Our guides on the occasion were complete savages. You have no idea of the horrible cries which they suddenly utter, no one knows why, the clamour, the vociferation, the tumult. C—— in her palanquin suffered most from it; and when I had gone on before, they threatened to leave her in the middle of the road, which they would have done, had not my Italian servant promised them a beating, after which they became quiet. Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the gestures and the physiognomies of these savage people. And when, in the darkness of night, they unexpectedly begin to sing in chorus some fragments of their wild but sweet national music, the effect is exceedingly fine."—*From Essays, &c., by Percy Bysshe Shelley,* [Moxon.]

COTTON TRADE IN ENGLAND.

Edward the First planted the cotton-shrub on the banks of the Thames about the year 1296. It is supposed, that, anciently, it grew only in Upper Egypt. It appears we had made some progress in the manufactory of cotton in Queen Elizabeth's reign, as Gerard observes in his History of Plants, "To speake of the use of the wool of this plant, it were superfluous; common experience, and the daily vse and benefit we receive by it, doth shew; so that it were impertinent to our history, to speake of the making of fustian, bombasies, and many other things that are made of the wooll thereof."

Calico is so called from Callicut, a city on the coast of Malabar, being the first place at which the Portuguese landed when they discovered the Indian trade. The Spaniards still call it *Callicu*.

The demand for printed calicoes becoming common, induced some persons to attempt the art in London, about the year 1676; and in 1722, an act was passed to promote the consumption of our own manufactures, which prohibited the use of foreign calicoes, that were either dyed or printed.

ARELEY CHURCH AND HALL,

STAFFORDSHIRE.

About four miles from Bewdley, up the river Severn, and a short distance from the turnpike-road between Kidderminster and Shrewsbury, is the village of Areley, a poor-looking place, with one good inn, "The Valentia Arms," and a few old ill-built cottages—the situation, however, is highly picturesque;—one of the noblest of streams flows past it; the country is finely wooded; and there are few parts of England more richly cultivated.

The church at Areley is not a very old building, but, from its elevated situation, is an interesting object in the landscape. The interior is kept in the neatest manner possible, and has an elegance about it that is rarely met with in a retired country church. It contains several mural monuments to the memory of some of the noble family of Annesley, and the pannels of the gallery and the windows exhibit also their armorial bearings. Near the church is Areley Hall, the seat of the Earl of Mount Norris, a nobleman well known to the scientific world as Lord Valentia, the celebrated traveller and botanist.

The hall is an ancient pile, more remarkable for the treasures contained in its valuable museum, than for any architectural elegance.

The ornamental gardens rank amongst the first in the country—there being few plants of any rarity not to be found in them; and the collection of exotics in the green-houses and hot-houses is extremely curious and valuable; the assortment of tropical plants here also to be met with, is, I believe, unequalled in England. The gardens are kindly allowed, by the noble owner, to be seen by the public on all days except Sundays. In the park, is a little wooded dell called "*Naboths.*" There is some legend connected with the name, but I am not acquainted with it. This charming valley is a perfect fairy land, and presents as exquisite a specimen of ornamental gardening as I ever met with. Nature and art have favoured this delightful retreat, and yet the latter has so blended her works with those of the former, that nothing offends the most fastidious taste—as the poet sings,

> "The charm is felt throughout,
> And all is harmony."

We have here no unmeaning statues, no fawns, piping Pans and satyrs; but winding walks, grassy knolls, shady spots, lilied lakes and rivulets, and waterfalls, mingling their music with

> "The dreary melody of bedded reeds."

Keates's description in his poem of Endymion, so suits this valley, that I cannot resist another quotation:—

> "And it had gloomy shades, sequestered, deep.
> Paths there were many
> Winding thro' palmy fern and rushes fenny
> And ivy banks, all leading pleasantly
> To some wide lawn, whence one could only see
> Stems thronging all around, between the swell
> Of turf and slanting branches.
> Rain-scented eglantine
> Gave temperate sweets to the well-wooing sun."

It is *here*, indeed, we find—

> "The vine of glossy sprout—the ivy mesh
> Shading its Ethiop berries—and woodbine
> Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine.
> Convolvulus in streaked vases flush—
> The creeper mellowing for the Autumn blush,
> And virgin's bower trailing airily,
> And others of the sisterhood."

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The Cottage called "NABOTH'S COTTAGE," is from a design of the present Earl of Mount Norris, and shews his lordship's good taste and appreciation of what is chaste and beautiful. It seems not an *addition* to the scenery, but a portion of it. It contains two rooms, one being a servant's waiting room; the other is wainscoated with richly carved oak, of devices strange and quaint, from which peep out grotesque heads; the furniture *en suite*. From the window is a view of the *upper* waterfall, so called to distinguish it from the other, designated the *lower*. For the drawing of the above sketch, I am indebted to the Misses Allen, of Areley, daughters of the respected clergyman of the parish. D.

NABOTH'S COTTAGE.

New Books.

Up the Rhine. By Thomas Hood.

(*Concluded from page* 12.)

The Students at Bonn.

A great many were dressed as Tyrolese, with ribbons and flowers in their high crowned hats. You may form some notion of their appearance from the remark of my Uncle—"Frank, they must have made a long night at the masquerade, to be in their fancy dresses so late in the morning." When I told him they were the students, he made one of his wry faces. "Students! What do they study!—Private Theatricals! Yes—there's a youngster dressed up like Macready in William Tell; and another in a nankeen jacket, and a long pipe, like the Planter in Paul and Virginia!"

It was amusing to hear my uncle guessing at the historical personages they had selected for their models;—for instance, Peter the Wild Boy—Don Quixote—Samson—Esau—Henri Quatre—and Bamfylde Moore Carew. One very dissimilar pair he christened Valentine and Orson; and "Egad!" he cried, as we passed a square-set figure in an antique dress, and fiercely moustached, "Egad! there's Pam!" Perhaps the most whimsical of these fancies was that of a tall fellow, who, with sleeky-combed hair, a huge white collar thrown back over his shoulders, and trowsers that buttoned to his jacket, stalked along like a Brobdignagian school-boy! "All theatrical mummery, Frank; all theatrical mummery! But, mayhap," said he, after a pause, "it's like a breaking out on the skin, and serves to carry off fantastical humours that are better out than in."

New Years' Kissing-custom at Coblentz.

"On the last New Year's Eve, being at Coblentz, I took it into my head to go to an occasional grand ball that was given at the civil Casino. A Frenchman of the time of the republic might have supposed that it was a fête given in honour of the famous principle of Egalité,—there was such a commixture of all ranks. At one step I encountered the master tailor who had supplied the coat on my back; at another, I confronted the haberdasher of whom I had purchased my gloves and my stock;—the next moment I was brushed by a German baron,—and then I exchanged bows with his Excellency the Commander of the Rhenish Provinces. There was, however, a sort of West-end to the room, where the fashionables and the Vons seemed instinctively to congregate; whilst the bulk

of the Bourgeoisie clustered more towards the door. Dancing began early, and by help of relays of performers, one incessant whirl of gown-skirts and coat-tails was kept up until midnight, when, exactly at twelve o'clock, the advent of another year was announced by the report of some little cannons in an adjoining room. The waltz immediately broke up, and in an instant the whole crowd was in motion, males and females, running to and fro, here and there, in and out, like a swarm of ants, when you invade their nest. Whenever any two individuals encountered, who were friends or acquaintance, they directly embraced, with a mutual exclamation of 'Prosit Neue Jahr!' Bald, pursy old gentlemen trotted about crony-hunting—and sentimentally falling on each other's waistcoats, hugged, bussed, and renewed their eternal friendships for twelve months to come. Mature dowagers bustled through the moving maze on the same affectionate errands; whilst their blooming marriageable daughters, seeking out their she-favourites, languished into each other's fair arms, and kissed lips, cheeks, necks, and shoulders,—none the less fondly that young, gay, and gallant officers, and tantalized bachelors, were looking on. I stumbled on my tailor, and he was kissing—I came across my linen-draper, and he was being kissed:—I glanced up at the musicians, and they were kissing in concert! It was a curious and characteristic scene; but remembering that I was neither saluting nor saluted, and not liking to be particular, I soon caught up my hat, and passing the door-keeper, who was kissing the housekeeper, I kissed my own hand to the Coblentz casino, and its New Year's Ball."

Transparent Atmospheres of the Rhine.

I must say a few words, however, on a peculiarity which seems to have escaped the notice of other travellers; the extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the Rhine. The rapidity of the current, always racing in the same direction, probably creates a draught which carries off the mists that are so apt to hang about more sluggish streams—or to float lazily to and fro with the ebb and flow of such tide rivers as the Thames: certain it is that the lovely scenery of the "arrowy Rhine" is viewed through an extremely pure medium. To one like myself, not particularly lynx-sighted, the effect is as if some fairy euphrasy had conferred a supernatural *clairvoyance* on the organs of vision. Trees and shrubs, on the crests of the hills, seem made out, in the artist phrase, to their very twigs; and the whole landscape appears with the same distinctness of detail, as if seen through an opera-glass or spectacles.

A Leg of Mutton metamorphosed into a Baby.

There is a toll on all provisions brought into the town over the Rhine bridge, even to a loaf of bread; and men are stationed at each of the gates to collect it. We had often seen these officers, in a green uniform, stopping the country people, and peeping into their baskets and bundles, with a rather strict vigilance; but I was hardly prepared to see one of them insisting on searching a baby. The poor mother loudly remonstrated against such an inspection, and hugged her infant the closer to her bosom; but the man was inflexible, and at last seized hold of the child's clothes in a very rough manner. A struggle immediately took place between the officer and the woman, who was almost overcome, when she suddenly met with very unexpected assistance. Since the seizure of my unfortunate Dutch linen, the custom-house people have never been any favourites with my servant Martha,—but besides this dislike, the assault on the baby aroused all her womanly feelings, and she flew to the rescue like a fury. In a very short time she had almost regained the little innocent, when to her inexpressible horror, as well as my own, owing to the violence of the scuffle, the body of the poor baby slipped through its clothes, and actually rolled some seconds on the ground, before we could feel convinced that it was only a fine leg of mutton!

It seems that the frequent visits of the supposed infant to Coblentz, in all weathers, had first excited suspicion; and one of the Douaniers remarked besides, that the little dear came rather plumper from the country than it went back from the town.

Judaic notion of Heavenly Arithmetic.

A certain cunning old Jew had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate. the borrower remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a GOD, and where he expected to go when he died?—'Ah,' said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin—'I have thought of that too—but when GOD looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to HIM like a 6.'"

German Newspapers, a Taste of their Quality.

"Newspapers! you will find none here but the 'Rhein-und-Mosel Zeitung,' and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand. First, the king has graciously been pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, an appointment, etc. etc. Then for foreign news, there are half-a-dozen paragraphs on as many different countries—our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. In this number, there *is* a romantic story, and it well illustrates the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother advertises her in the papers and offers as a reward—how much do you think?—Only 50,000*l.* per annum, a

mine in 'Cornwales,' and 200,000*l.* in East India shares!"

"Are you serious!" I asked. "Perfectly: it is here, every word of it."

Reasons for the Prevalence of Roman Catholicism abroad.

For my part, Peter, setting aside servants and the like, and considering only the poor and destitute orders, instead of blaming their ignorance and superstition for their being Roman Catholics, I almost wonder how they can be anything else. Having studied the subject abroad by going into foreign churches and cathedrals, as well as the wretched dwellings of the lower people, it's my firm belief that their religion may be laid more to their poverty than to their ignorance. Suppose a poor old German, in a dark dirty cold room, without fire, without candle, and without even the chirp of a cricket, by way of company. She puts on her ragged cloak, totters fifty yards, and there she is in a comfortable cheerful church, well warmed and lighted-up like a general illumination. She sees priests in magnificent brocaded robes, great gold and silver candlesticks, and so forth, things which even some of her betters are apt to connect with the treasures of Heaven and the glories of the New Jerusalem. She hears a fine organ, finely played, and chosen singers, with voices like angels, chanting hymns in an unknown tongue. Then she enjoys the smell of frankincense, and the sight of grand pictures, and statues, and carvings, and above all, there is the Virgin Mary in royal robes, with a crown and pearls, and velvet, and ermine, like a Queen of this world, and the poor old woman in her tatters has as free excess to her, and as long audience as the greatest court lady in the land. Is it any wonder if such a poor creature goes by choice to a church which along with the bodily comfort she wants at home, lets her share for awhile in those pleasures of sight and hearing and so forth, for which she had senses given to her by the Almighty, as well as the rich and noble of the earth!

The Author's generous Sentiments towards the Jews.

The extortions and cheating I have met with were from Christians; the only time my money was ever refused in this country, was by Jews. There are many poor Hebrew families in Bendorf, and other villages on the Rhine; and it is pleasant to behold, through the windows of their cottages, the seven candles of their religion shining. "Aye," continued Markham, "in England, Cock-fighting is gone out, and Bear-baiting put down: so let us hope that Jew-hating and Jew-running will not be last in the line!"

[From the above spicilegia, the temper of this volume may be very well gathered; more we might have selected, but we have have already run our length; and now, as the convolvulus says to the setting sun, it is time for us to close.]

The Public Journals.

Blackwood's Magazine. No. CCXCI.

[THE current number is enriched with a delightfully refreshing chapter "On Titian and Venetian Painting," from which we quote the following judicious remarks:—

On Venetian Painting and Colouring.]

Venetian painting, of which Titian must be considered to be the great representative, has been designated the school of colour. Thus, as in the instance of the Roman and other schools, the method of using or adopting a particular portion of the material, or means of signification has been held to be ultimately distinctive of its character. The spirit—the *vivida vis animi*—which distinguishes different periods and different schools of art, one from the other has been placed in lines and in tints; and its law which led to the adoption or rejection—the selection and combination of these—has remained unnoticed. Its *vehicula*, like the cover of an Egyptian two thousand years dead, have been looked to for all that was to characterise it—the chrysalis shell mistaken for the living *psyche*, which floated unobserved over-head. That "men seek truth in their own little world, and not in the great and common world," has been amply exemplified in connexion with art. The microcosm of individual and partial notions has there, as in every other subject, too frequently been made to regulate the decisions of judgment.

The nature of the colour of Venetian painting is a condition merely of the essential character of the Venetian school, not that in itself. The colour, and also the form and light of Giorgione and Titian, and to a certain extent of their predecessors, but still more eminently of their successors, are dependant upon the ultimate relation of their works. The individually varied styles of the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Bonifazio, the elder Palma, and Schiavone,* with those others who may be considered to belong to this school, have one basement. While they differ in certain particulars, each exhibiting that variety which immediately distinguishes his works, they are bound together by one general intention or reference. From the time of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, (before which any of the schools of revived art had made any very distinct *endexis* of their particular character—all having, with considerable similarity, been step by step progressing in the use of the language of art, regulated in the mode of their productions by the type which had been founded upon these sentiments in connexion with which it had reappeared,)—from his time to that of the

* Sebastian Piombo is not mentioned here, merely to avoid confusion; his style which is essentially Venetian, having been frequently grafted on the conceptions of Michael Angelo, as in the *Flagellation*, in S. *Pietro, in Montorio Rome*, and the *Lazarus*, in the National Gallery.

younger Palma, when deterioration had become apparent, Venetian painting is directed by one predominating object, by which it is separated from the other schools of the same period, and in obedience to the dictates of which, its style of form, colour, and light and shade, originated. These, however, as means or portions of the language of painting, are each differently adapted, from their specific nature, to constitute an efficient medium in working out or substantiating this primary end; in connexion with which they are also employed with different degrees of success. In both respects—in efficiency, and in the degree of power with which it has been employed to enunciate the express use or end of the painting of Titian and his followers—colour becomes an obvious and striking feature of their art: and hence has been considered to be its ultimate distinction.

Another designation, still less adequate to express the character of Venetian painting, has been applied to it—that of the Ornamental School. But the sense attached to the term has not been defined. Whether, however, it is to be understood to apply to sentiment of an universal or of a factitious kind, or to the mere representation of actual variety or decorative multiplicity of parts, in form, colour, and light—allowing the most extended interpretation to be put upon the title—it is perfectly inapplicable to many of the most important productions of the school of Venice, which most strongly exemplify its particular character. Can the inspissated depth in colour and tone of the *Virgin and Saints*, by Giovanni Bellini; the unengaging substantiality of the *Concert Champêtre* of Giorgione; the ponderous solidity of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, by Titian; the strength and corrugated *impasto* of the *Virgin in Glory*, by Bonifazio; the sober monotonous uniformity of the *St. Peter surrounded by Saints*, by the elder Palma—can these works, which may be held to represent the greater number of the others of these masters—the roots and stem of Venetian painting—be called ornamental? The attempt, however, to embrace them inclusively under this appellatiou, speaks the unity which was felt to exist among them, although its nature was not perceived.

But while colour and ornament are neither finally constitutive of the distinct nature of this circle of painting—and with form, and light and shade, must be considered merely to be the means through which signification is intimated—it must, at the same time, be observed that they bear a relation to the art of Titian and his school, which is peculiar and distinct from that which they hold in respect to the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael—a relation upon which their prominence in many instances depends.

Topography.

STANTON HARCOURT CHURCH, OXFORDSHIRE.

This church is a very fine and interesting one, its plan cruciform, its nave in the Norman style of the twelfth century, the chancel and transepts in the early English style of the thirteenth century, and a good specimen of this style. Across the entrances to the chancel is a wooden screen, in the same style with this part of the building, of the thirteenth century, and believed to be almost unique. Unfortunately, *it is painted sky-blue*, which is probably the cause that it has not previously been noticed. On the north side of the chancel is a very curious structure, supposed to be a holy sepulchre, with a rich canopy of the fourteenth century. On it are the usual emblems, or representations, of the implements of the crucifixion; and at the four angles of the canopy, the four evangelists. The altar-screen is of Grecian woodwork, in detestably bad taste, which ought to be removed. It is hoped that the Archbishop of York, to whom the chancel belongs, will cause it to be restored to its original beauty. On the south side of the chancel is the Harcourt aisle or chapel, with several fine monuments of that family. The remains of the manor-house adjoining to the church are about the end of the fifteenth century. The kitchen, with its smoke-louvre, and without chimneys, is curious, somewhat resembling the celebrated abbot's kitchen at Glastonbury. These two are believed to be the only specimens of the kind now remaining. —*Read by E. T. Estcourt, Esq. B. A., before the Oxford Society for promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture*, 1839.

GIANTS.

(*For the Mirror*)

Whether giants really have existed, is a question which has engaged the attention and research of many. We read of some in the Bible, but, in the opinion of various authorities, they are not to be considered as being above the common stature; but giants, that is to say, monsters of wickedness and of daring impiety. A little careful examination of the subject, however, will at once discountenance such an assertion, for in Deut. iii. v. 11, we have the dimensions of King Og's bed given: "behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron—nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man," and in I Chron. xx. v. 5, &c., Lahmi's staff is described to have been "like a weaver's beam." There was also "a man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot, and he also was the son of a giant;" in Amos ii. v. 9, the Amorite's "height was like the height of cedars, and he was as strong as the oaks." In Numbers, xiii. v. 33, we have the following passage, "And there we saw

the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." This might by some be said to be exaggerated in the Oriental fashion, but that does not the less prove that giants, men of amazing stature, and proportionate dimensions and strength, have existed. Goliah's coat weighed 208lbs. and the head of his lance 25lbs. All these assertions tend to prove that formerly such men have existed, and awakened the wonder and the dread of whole nations.

In more modern ages, men have been known to attain extraordinary height; and if we place implicit reliance in the description authors have left of them, they have exceeded twelve, fourteen, or fifteen feet. In a paper of Mr. le Cat, however, an enumeration of several instances in which men have been proved to reach a much higher stature than is ever ascribed even to giants, is to be found. Two human skeletons, according to his account, were discovered by the Athenians near their town, one of which measured *thirty-six*. and the other. *thirty-four* feet; another was found in 1554, in Sicily, not far from Palermo; this one was not more than *thirty* feet in length. Two years subsequent to this last discovery, another skeleton was found, which, this time, measured *thirty-three* feet, and at last a third was unearthed, which, like the first, was only thirty feet long. This gentleman farther asserts, that, in 1705, a skeleton measuring *twenty-two* feet in length was discovered, and the thigh bone preserved at Valencia, and that in another subject the skull was of sufficient dimensions to contain a bushel of corn!

We learn from the "Journal Literaire" of the Abbé Nazari, that in Calabria, a body was exhumed, which measured eighteen Roman feet, and that each of the grinders weighed, on an average, one ounce.

Hector Boetius, in the seventh book of his History of Scotland states, that some bones are still preserved of a man who, in derision, was styled Little John, and who was fourteen feet high. Platerus, who was a man of great celebrity in the medical line avers, that at Lucerne, in Switzerland, he saw the skeleton of a man above nineteen feet in length. He farther says:—"I saw a young man at Lunenburgh, called Jacob Damman, who, for his extraordinary stature was carried through Germany to be seen. Anno 1613, he was brought to us at Basil; he was then twenty-three years and a half of age; beardless as yet, strong of body and limbs, save that at that time he was rather sick and lean; he was nine feet high complete; the length of his hand was one foot six inches."

The giant Ferragus, slain by Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Pliny mentions that "the tallest man that was seen in his age, was one named Gabara, who, in the days of Claudius, was brought out of Arabia; he was nine feet nine inches high," and that, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, there were two persons called Idusio and Secundilla, who each measured above ten feet. The Emperor Maximilian was eight feet and a half in height, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb-ring; his shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man. The Emperor Jovianus was also a man of gigantic stature, and so was Charlemagne, the latter, though, was inferior to the two former.

During the Cretan war, there was brought to light a body of a prodigious bulk. "When the floods were gone," it appears, "in a great cleft, and full of the earth, there was found the carcase of a man, of the length of thirty and three cubits, or near forty-two feet. Lucius Flaccus, the then legate, and Metellus himself, allured with the novelty of the report, went on purpose to the place to take a view of it; and they saw there what, upon hearsay, they had imagined to be a fable." In the *Journal des Scavans* of the year 1692, appears a letter from a gentleman of the name of P. Gentil. stating that a body measuring seventeen feet four inches, was discovered in a tomb, not far from Angers. This body's arms and legs were entwined by a number of smaller bodies, apparently the children of this giant. In the neighbourhood of the same place were many tombs of the same mode of construction, each containing a body, averaging on the whole from ten to fourteen feet.

Most people must have heard of Walter Parsons. Fuller, in his "Worthies," says that, "he was born in Staffordshire, was first apprentice to a smith, and he grew so tall that a hole was made for him in the ground, to stand in there up to his knees, so as to make him adequate with his fellow-workmen. He afterwards was porter to King James, because gates being higher than the rest of the building, it was proper that the porter should be taller than other persons. He was proportionable in all parts, and had strength equal to his height, valour equal to his strength, and good temper equal to his valour, so that he disdained to do an injury to a single person. He would take two of the tallest yeomen of the guard in his arms at once, and order them as he pleased. He was seven feet four inches in height."

He was surpassed, however, in altitude, though not in bodily strength, by William Evans, "who was porter to Charles I., and succeeding Walter Parsons in his place, and exceeding him two inches in stature, but far beneath him in equal proportion of body, for he was not only knock-knee'd and splay-footed, but also halted a little, yet he made a shift to dance in an antemask at court, where he drew little Jeffrey the king's dwarf, out of his pocket, to the no small wonder and laughter of the beholders."

This anecdote of old Fuller reminds me of one I have somewhere read, of a similar character, though far more amusing and astonishing. At the time the republic of the Valais, in

Switzerland, renewed its solemn alliance with the seven catholic cantons, a drama, in the German style was got up, and performed at Lucerne, for the diversion of the honourable deputies. At the end of the performance, a man of gigantic stature and amazing bulk, made his appearance on the stage—he walked about for some time nimbly, went through several pantomimes, and at last seeming willing to disencumber himself of something he had about him, dropped severally from the folds of his clothes no less than eight boys. These youngsters, thus freed from their prison, paid the company several light compliments on the occasion, and turning round, with a very civil parting bow, made their exit along with their big papa. Before I conclude this paper, I must bring forward one more instance of a giant,* which has just occurred to my memory, and then take leave of the reader, with the hope that what instances I have laid before him, will meet with the respect due to the authorities from which they are drawn. "The forehead of this Tartar (who was killed in Poland)" says Thuanus, "was four-and-twenty fingers broad, and the rest of his body of that magnitude, that the carcase, as it *lay upon the ground*, would reach to the navel of any ordinary person that stood by it!" H. M.

SORCERERS OF THE NEW WORLD.

Joseph Acosta, who resided a long time in Peru during the latter part of the sixteenth century, assures us, (says M. Salverte,) that at that period there were still existing sorcerers, who could take whatever form they wished. He relates, that, in Mexico, the chief of a city being sent for by the predecessor of Montezuma, transformed himself, in the eyes of the persons sent in succession to seize him, into an eagle, a tiger, and an immense serpent. He yielded at last, and allowed himself to be conducted to the emperor, who immediately put him to death. He was no longer in his own house; he was no longer on his own theatre; he had no longer any tricks to employ to defend his life. In a work published in 1702, the Bishop of Chiapa, in the province of Guatemala, attributed the same power to the Naguals, (national priests,) who studied to bring back, to the religion of their ancestors, the children which the government were bringing up as Christians. After some ceremonies, at the instant the child he was instructing went to embrace him, the nagual suddenly assumed a fearful appearance; and, under the form of a lion or a tiger, seemed chained to the young neophite. These miracles, we observe, like the illusions of the Mexican enchanter, were performed in a place previously selected and pointed out. They prove, therefore, only a purely local power; and, although indicative of the existence of a machine, they, at the same time, afford no clue to the means by which it was brought into play.—W.G.C.

* Numerous other instances of more modern giants might be quoted.—*Ed. M.*

REMOVAL OF A BOG.

On Saturday last, this hitherto peaceable town, Kanturk, was thrown into the greatest state of excitement. It appeared that about three hundred acres of Colonel Longfield's bog, at Farrandoyle, had, truant-like, gambolled through the country, a distance of four miles, and was about paying a Christmas visit to the Kanturk folks. The scene was terrific. Onward moved the mighty and overwhelming mass, carrying destruction in its course. Occasionally it moved in a compact body; sometimes, on meeting obstructions, it rose in angry surges like the ungovernable sea, elevating enormous pieces of bog-wood. The course of the Brogeen stream was soon impeded, as the bog got into the valley, and the water having become considerably swollen and accumulated behind, forced on the whole mass with fearful violence, and dispersed the bog-stuff and timber to a considerable distance up the acclivities. It is to be regretted that bog-timber, to the value of at least 500*l.*, passed off into the Brackwater, the people being unable to come at it on account of the great depth of the surrounding bog-stuff; and it is calculated that no less than one thousand two hundred acres of meadow and pasture land have been covered, at an average of ten feet. The first movement of the bog was observed by Mr. R. Swayne, of Kanturk, who was shooting on it at the time, and who narrowly escaped being lost; Mr. Swayne having got on *terra firma*, ran with all his might to give warning of the danger; but his speed was unequal to the task, and one house was overwhelmed before he could call out; fortunately, however, no lives have been lost. The bog is still moving, and, it is thought, will continue so for many days.—*Cork Standard.*

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

"It was," says Washington Irving, in his admirable "Life of Columbus," "on the 20th of May, 1506, that the great navigator expired, in the seventieth year of his age. His last words were:—'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.' Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit! His body was deposited in the convent of St. Francisco, and transported afterwards to a Carthusian monastery. In 1536, the bodies of Columbus and his son Diego, were removed to Hispaniola, and interred in the principal chapel of the cathedral of St. Domingo, where, however, they were not allowed to rest in quiet, having since been again disinterred and conveyed to the Havannah, in the island of Cuba. At page 68 of vol. iv., Irving gives the following particulars of the transaction:—"On the 20th of December, 1795, the most distinguished

persons of St. Domingo, the dignitaries of the church, &c., assembled in the metropolitan cathedral. In the presence of this august assemblage, a small vault was opened above the chancel, in the principal wall on the right side of the altar. Within were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body. These were carefully collected and put into a case of gilded lead, about half an ell in length and breadth, and a third in height, secured by an iron lock, the key of which was delivered to the archbishop. The case was enclosed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and ornamented with lace and fringe of gold. The whole was then placed in a temporary tomb or mausoleum. . . . The next day, after a funeral service, the coffin was transported to the ship with the utmost state and ceremony," &c.

The manner in which he signed himself was exceedingly peculiar, and was as follows :—

S.
S.A.S.
X.M.Y.
X.R.O.F.E.R.E.N.S.

The first half of the signature, X.R.O., (for Christo,) is in Greek letters, the other is in Latin. Such was the usage of those days. The ciphers, or initials, above, are supposed to represent a pious ejaculation. It was an ancient custom in Spain, and which has not entirely gone by, to accompany the signature with some words of religious import, to show that the writer was a Christian. This was of some importance in a country where Jews and Mahometans were persecuted.

EDGEWORTH.

Of the two volumes which constitute the "Memoirs" of Edgeworth, the first was written by himself, and the second by his accomplished daughter Maria. He had intended to have brought up his eldest son on Rousseau's plan of education, but relinquished it when the child had reached its eleventh year. In his "Memoirs" he has noticed a little circumstance which much coincides with one related by Sir Walter Scott : "While I learnt my lesson by rote," says he, "I had the trick of standing upon one leg buckling and unbuckling my shoe. When I came to repeat my lesson, my master insisted upon my standing still, and upon both legs, and my memory was directly at fault." Sir Walter relates his anecdote in the following words : "There was a boy in my class who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would ; till at length I observed that when a question was put to him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes ; and in an evil moment, it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, he sought in vain for the button ; it was not to be found ; in his distress he looked down for it, it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place, nor did he ever recover it."

At the age of nineteen, he united himself to a very amiable female, his junior by some three or four years, but who unfortunately had not his taste for mechanics, and lamented for the least trifle. After having blessed him with two children, she died, whilst her husband was at Lyons, superintending some public works. He afterwards married Miss Honora Sneyd, whose charms he had been compelled to steel himself against during the lifetime of his first wife, by flying to the continent. In this marriage he was as happy as mortal need be, but in the midst of his felicity, he nevertheless possessed philosophy enough to utter the following piece of advice, for the benefit of all young couples *too* closely united in the ties of conjugal love : "During the first years of our marriage, we were much alone, and we were both fond of a country life and of each other ; we felt too well contented in retirement. I say this, because it is a fault in which young people who have loved each other with strong passion are apt to indulge ; they are inclined to seclusion, and think that two lovers are all sufficient to each other." Consumption bereaved him of this treasure, and she expired uttering the wish that he would marry her sister Elizabeth. This wish he fulfilled ; but a few years after he was again a widower. The attachment this lady, his third wife bore him was of the strongest kind, bordering on the romantic. On one occasion, having by some accident dropped her wedding ring off her finger, she vowed that it should never again leave it to the moment of her death. As she lay on her death bed, with her left arm encircling her beloved husband's neck, she reverted to the circumstance, and a few minutes after the ring fell off her attenuated finger, as she breathed her last.

Edgeworth's fourth and last wife, had attended, as a little child with a doll in her arms, at his second wedding, and, like her predecessors, was strongly attached to her husband. By his four wives he had eighteen children; Maria, his eldest, had attained her thirty-fifth year when her youngest sister was brought into the world.

Edgeworth was intimate with most of the celebrated characters of the day, amongst others, with Day, the author of Sandford and Merton. This eccentric man resolved to educate and prepare one of two orphan girls to be at some future period his wife. All went on well for some years, till, unfortunately, she who was to be the happy one, displeased him by not wearing her apparel with, what he considered to be, the necessary decorum. He therefore, united himself to Miss Milne. His

good-nature, and sympathy for dumb creatures were the cause of his death—he fell a victim to his benevolence. Having observed that horses suffer much from the brutality of common horse-breakers, he had endeavoured, by gentle means, to train a horse for himself, but it was not well broken, it took fright at some one winnowing corn near the road, plunged, and threw him. He had a concussion on the brain, never spoke afterwards, and in less than a quarter of an hour expired. (1789.)

In 1769 Edgeworth saw at Bath the wit who had reigned despotically for half-a-century over the world of fashion. "I saw," says he, "the remains of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield. I looked in vain for that fire we expect to find in a man of genius and wit. He was obviously unhappy, and a melancholy spectacle.

D'ALEMBERT.

This eminent mathematician was the natural son of Madame de Tencin, and the Chevalier de Destouches. He was scarcely a day old when he was deserted by both his parents, and left on the steps of the church of St. John de la Ronde, where he was found in such a state of weakness, that, instead of sending him to the Foundling Hospital, he was given to the wife of a poor glazier, to be nursed. The parents are, however, said to have relented in the course of a few days—the father settled upon him an annuity of 1,200 livres.

Madame de Genlis thus notices him in her "Memoires," vol. III., p. 79: "His vulgar expression of face, his shrill and sharp voice was disagreeable to me; in conversation he was bitter, full of buffoonery, burlesque, and caustic."

The Gatherer.

In the reign of Edward the First, the price of a fair-written bible was 37*l.*

Guy Fawkes's Lantern.—In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is yet extant the lantern with which it is said Guy Fawkes intended to perpetrate the blowing up of the House of Lords on the 5th of November, 1605. It bears an inscription, in Latin, to that effect, and that it was the gift of Robert Heywood—"Nuper Academiæ Procuratoris," April 4, 1641.

The first act of parliament passed for the construction of a rail-road, was in 1801.

The London Gazette of March 23, 1685, furnishes the following disgraceful advertisement:—"A tannymore, (tawnymoor,) with short bushy hair, very well shaped, in a grey livory, lined with yellow, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, *with a silver collar about his neck, with these directions, Captain George Hasting's boy, Brigadier in the King's Horse Guards.* Whoever brings him to the Sugar-loaf in the Pall-Mall, shall have 40*s.* reward."

Lawyers in Parliament.—James I. issued a proclamation, in which the voters for members of parliament are directed, "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seek reputation by stirring needless questions;" and in ancient times lawyers were not allowed to sit in parliament.

The first instance of election bribery was as early as the 13th Elizabeth, when one Thomas Longe gave the returning officer and others, of the borough of Westbury, 4*l.* to be returned member, and was for that premium elected.

Some old records in Wiltshire state that in the year 1339 wheat in that county sold at eight guineas per quarter, and that it continued so for four months; that it soon after declined to 10*s.* per quarter; that four years after it fell to 4*s.* 6*d.*, and remained at that price, with little fluctuation, for twenty years; that at the expiration of this term it rose to 5*l.*, and held that price till near the year 1534, when it fell to 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter.

Health.—Use exercise, practise temperance, breathe pure air, keep your skin clean, your conscience clear, and your mind cheerful.

Very little is known of the state of the Jews during some centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem. The first body of them which drew any attention was that which settled in Spain, from which all Jewish learning descends.

It appears that the township of Leeds contains 2,297 widows, and only 693 widowers! showing that marriage is highly favourable to longevity in women; for certain it is, those women live the longest who are the mothers of a numerous progeny; which also proves that maternity is in no small degree promotive of female health and longevity.

Catshin's sister says there's been a shockin axident this morning in our naberhood. The climing boys in this town are grown up men instead of littel urchings as in Lonnon. Well, one of the men was sent for to sweep a chimbly, when by some piece of bad luck a fire was lited under him, and down he came tumbling quite sufocated with smoak. So the Doctor was fetched, and when he clapt his eyes on the pore sutty object, "O, says he, I can do nothing for him—he's black in the face!" To be sure a Doctor knows best—but for my part, I never saw a chimbly sweep's face of any other culler!—*Hood's Rhine.*

According to a recent statistical calculation, there is about one deaf and dumb person to every 2,000 inhabitants in France, giving upwards of 16,000 persons so effected in the kingdom.—*Paris Paper.*

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